THE SABBATH SCHOOL VISITOR

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WAIT A MINUTE.

DID you answer, "Wait a minute"?
Ah! look out! there's mischief in it.
Often it will make you lose
Many a pleasure you would choose;
Often you will wonder why
Bright success has passed you by.

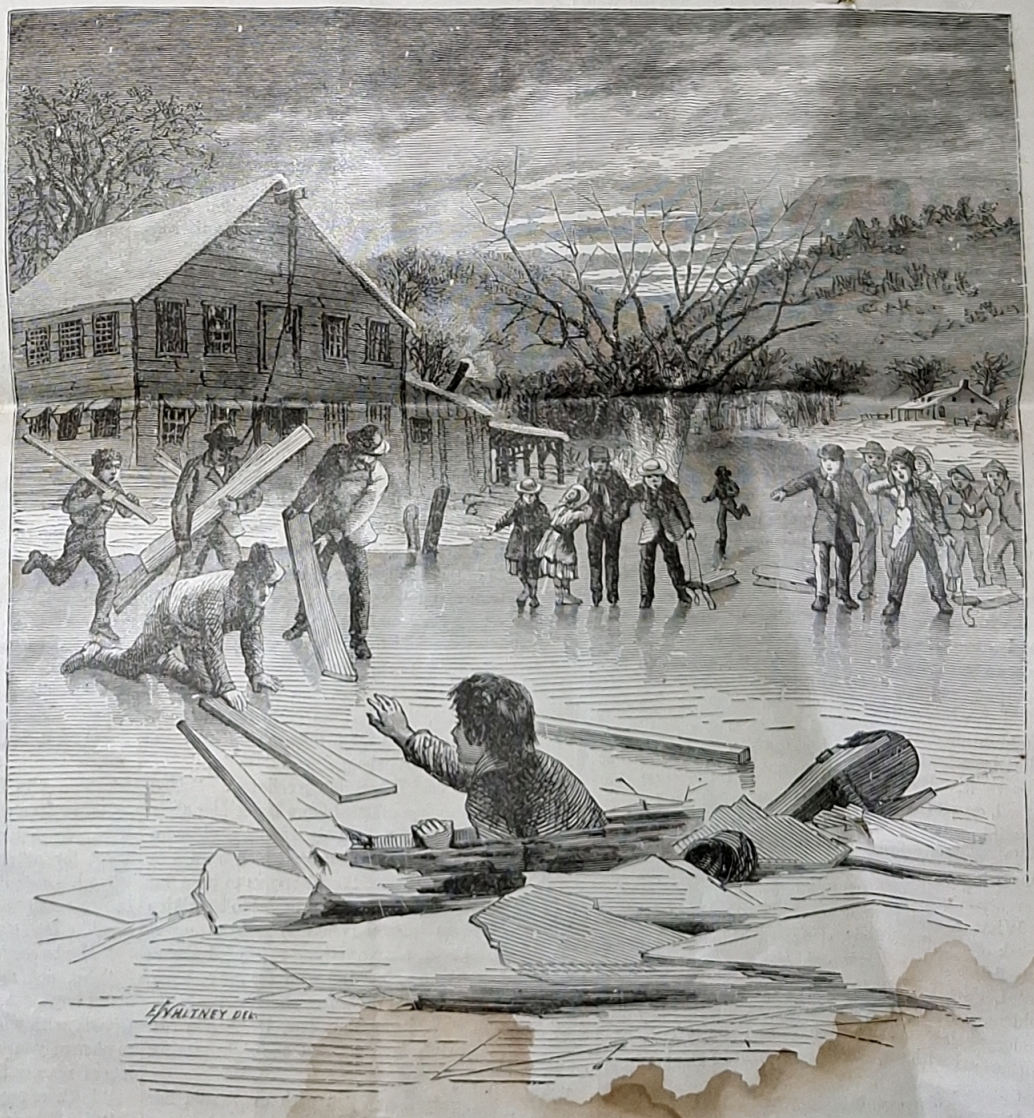
There's a reason, old and true,
Let me whisper it to you:
Laggards always come too late,
Time and tide for no man wait.

If some kindly friend should say,
"You shall have your wish to-day,
Any thing that you may ask,
If you'll perform a certain task,

When, my boy, will you begin it?"
Would you answer, "Wait a minute"?
No, indeed! you'd be a dunce
If you did not say, "At once!"

There's a thief, Procrastination,
"Wait a minute's" near relation—
Watch them both—they'll steal your time—
That's the moral of my rhyme.

—*Selected.*



IF AND PERHAPS.

IF every one were wise and sweet,
And every one were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labor
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbor—
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter-hearted—
Perhaps in some near by-and-by
That good time might get started.
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

—*Emma C. Dowd.*

Sow an act, and you reap a habit;
Sow a habit, and you reap a character;
Sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

—*Anon.*

HELP HIM OUT!

"HURRY, Dick, or we'll be there and half way back before you start." Harvey Gray shouted these words to a schoolfellow coming down the garden-walk to meet a restless group waiting at the gate.

"Slow-poke! You're as slow as Jerry to-day," was Arthur Wood's amiable greeting as Dick joined the company. The young fellow gave Arthur a playful blow as he passed him, and ran on ahead.

"Hurry up," he cried in his turn, looking back. "There's Jerry going cross-lots; he'll get there first and scrape over the ice with his sled."

At this the sturdy fellows bounded up the road, and soon reached the scene of holiday sport.

The High Ridge Grist-Mill was a favorite resort, summer and winter. Just now the sheltering hills were bare, and leafless trees stood like sentinels along the bank of the mill-stream. Some distance above the dam the water spread into a smooth pond, which had been lately frozen over. Rare fun the boys had

there, with sleds and skates, and the girls too, for there were usually some of them out each holiday.

"Hurrah," shouted Harvey, using his utmost lung-power; and the rest joined, for very love of noise and nothing else.

"Hello, Jerry," called Joe Peyton, "glad to see you here. *You'll* never set the pond a-fire, so we're safe enough to-day."

"How could I?" asked the boy, wonderingly. And then he looked more puzzled still as the others set up a laugh. For blundering Jerry, who really *was* stupid and believed everything said to him, whether sensible or not, was the butt of these teasing boys continually. Without malice, but equally without consideration, they tormented him in a thousand ways. Why is it that boys sometimes think this is fun?

"Let's set Bricktop off on a run," said Ben Thomas, as the afternoon waned. "I like to see him put his red head down like a plunging buffalo and forge ahead as if dogs were after him."

"See here, Jerry," he called, "we've not been out to the point yet; let's race up there, and the one that's beaten shall haul the other back on his sled."

"Agreed," said good-natured Jerry, and he went off with a jump, while mocking Ben, after a make-believe start, drew back laughing, to see the other run.

Without looking over his shoulder Jerry lumbered on, his sled thumping after him, when suddenly the sound of cracking ice was heard and the startled boys saw it give way, letting him fall through, though not without a wild struggle.

Every one stood still, too frightened to move, except Ben. With quick remorse of conscience, he started at full speed toward a pile of lumber on the bank. Happily, a man at the mill-door saw the accident, gave the alarm at once, and with two others ran to the lumber-pile, bringing broad planks to push out, just as Jerry rose from the water and Ben came panting with his board.

But poor Jerry was too eager, and grasped at the first plank so frantically that the thin ice around him cracked fearfully and let him down again into the pool.

Oh, the anxiety of that moment to the watching group! No one had cared much for Jerry before. He had seemed to his mates only fit for ridicule. But now—Oh, the sacredness of life, the awesomeness of death! In the face of danger everything was changed.

Little Mary Bell, who had playfully and thoughtlessly joined in the general teasing, hid her face on her brother's coat-sleeve, though Harris Bell himself stood stupidly staring in front of him, forgetting even to take his hands from his pockets. Jessie Harlan, who had always been kinder than the rest, watched the rescue with breathless interest, the only one in that company entirely without remorse.

Meanwhile the boy in the water rose the second time and clutched the ice. His body was so far above it that he might easily have scrambled out had he but known it. But his great fright and the scattering of what wits he had made it impossible for Jerry to save himself.

The men carefully placed more planks together near the hole, the lightest one crawled out upon them, and Jerry was quickly lifted upon firm ice.

What a shout went up from the boys! Every spark of manliness and generosity within them kindled into flame at the danger and escape.

"Let's take him to farmer Craig's over yonder," said one of the men, and soon the shivering boy was under shelter of the friendly roof, fairly steaming within and without, after a treatment of blankets and hot drinks.

It was so surprising to him to have his mates so eager to help him that Jerry could not say much, even then.

"He can't go home to-night," said kind Mrs. Craig. "One of you must tell his folks that he's comfortable and will be home in the morning."

It fell to Ben's lot to do this, for he passed that way, and, seeing an anxious look on Jerry's face and bending to catch his whispered word, "the cow," he promised cheerfully, "I'll milk her," and hurried off.

It was hard for Ben to be the bearer of such tidings as he carried to the little house on the hill; but he took it as part of the punishment for his own share in the mishap, and was sincerely anxious, besides, to do what he could to make up for it.

Very astonishing it was, too, to find how useful and kind Jerry was at home. It was easy to see that they all loved and leaned on him there. "How were we to know," Ben asked himself, quite fiercely, "that the boy we thought so stone dumb was worth so much?"

"Tell you what it is, boys," said Harvey, next time they met, "when we saw Jerry in the water, we all wanted to help him out. He seemed worth more then than before, though I s'pose he wasn't, really. But we wouldn't have pushed him back for anything. Now why shouldn't we help him out of his blunders or keep him from making so many instead of pushing him deeper into his muddles?"

"I, for one, will help him out every chance. I'm ashamed of the way I've treated him," said Ben, bravely. And all the boys shouted, "Hurrah for Jerry!" which meant that they would "lend a hand" whenever they could.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

THE COMFORT DOLLY GAVE.

THE two lady patrons talking together over the affairs of their hospital paid very little attention to Dolly, who was playing a solitary game of jack-straws off in one corner of the parlor. But when Mrs. Hastings turned away from the hall door when the visit was over she found Dolly waiting to climb the steps after her, and follow her into her room for a chat.

"Isn't it a dreadful pity?" asked Dolly, her eyes opened very wide and her mouth drawn very small in her earnestness.

"What dear?"

"Why," said Dolly, impressively, "all those rows and rows of sick and suff'ring and 'flicted people. It makes me feel all tired and sorry in my mind to hear about them."

"Yes, it is very sad."

"Just a whole big house full of nothing but all kinds of measles and other sicknesses, and more wanting to come in every day! What do they do for comforting? When there was only Fred and me sick in this house it seemed as if there wasn't enough of a family here to go round, to sit by us, and call us poor, dear children, and tell us stories, and ask us how we were. Just for Fred and me, you know. But with all so many as you and that lady were talking about, how do they ever get comforted?"

"Why," said Mrs. Hastings, cheerfully, kissing the anxious little face, "kind ladies go to see them and talk to them and read, and take them fruit and flowers. That comforts them a good deal."

"Do they?" said Dolly, much relieved. "Then that's nice and makes me feel more agree'bler about them. I wish I could do it, only when I read sometimes it takes me so long to be sure which word it is, that I guess it would make them nervous to have me for the reader. And then when I ought to be talking to them I'd be so bashful before so many strangers that I couldn't remember anything to say; I always am. I s'pose it's a pretty big wish for me to have. If there was a little hospital where there was only one little girl like me, or maybe a boy, if he was real small, I guess that would be about the right size for me to be the comforter of."

"Some day I will take you with me," said her mother, "and you may carry the sick people some flowers and pictures, and tell them how sorry you are for them."

Dolly was delighted with this promise, but, as she wisely said to herself on her way downstairs again:—

"'Some day' is a good while to wait for most generally, 'specially when there wasn't much patience born in you when you were born. Of course, it's the duty of anybody to make up some patience whether they've got any or not; but I don't b'lieve God feels very particular about their being patient to wait to do kindnesses for people. I just b'lieve if I could think of some sick little child that I could make myself comfortable to, before mamma can take me with her, why, I b'lieve he'd every mite as lief I would."

During all this thinking Dolly had made her way down the path to the fence at the far end of the garden, as though she knew by instinct that somewhere in the row of broken-down, miserable cottages that straggled along the alley across the road she might expect to find an object whereon her pity would be well bestowed. Two or three bars had been pulled off the fence here, and, climbing through the opening, Dolly had established herself on the lower rail for a seat before she became aware of a boy lying on the grass close by her. She was about to scramble back again in haste, when he stopped her.

"Don't go. I won't eat you, I guess. And I'd like to talk to somebody new; I'm mortal tired o' entertainin' myself."

Dolly was strongly inclined to continue her flight, but something in the boy's tone touched her warm little heart, and she hesitated.

"I'm afraid I won't be much for an entertainer," she said, shyly, "but if you think it would rest you any of yourself for me to stay, why, then, I will."

He made no answer, but presently burst out:—

"I'll tell you what I'm tired of: I'm tired to death o' tryin' to make more out o' myself than I was ever meant to be. Taint no use; folks just laugh at you and don't believe in you. You can't be no better than what you was intended for."

"No, of course not," said Dolly, looking puzzled, "but then, you know, everybody is meant to be just as good as anything—exe'lent. If we only make ourselves as much as we're 'ntended, then I guess that's plenty enough."

"I tell you I can't be good," said the boy, doggedly. "I've tried and tried, harder than I ever tried anything before, and it's no use. It's nothing but fallin' away and fallin' away all the time, one hindrance after another risin' up to face you, and one person after another holdin' you back from the right. I aint give in easy, I declare I aint. I've got straight up and shut my teeth and gone ahead agin more'n once, but I can't make it. There's too much against me. And I haven't got no friends nor no encouragement nor nothing to help me along."

There was a little pause, then Dolly said solemnly:—

"You've got God, and he is very friendly and encouraging, and splendid to help along. Have you tried him?"

The boy nodded. "Yes, I've tried him over and over again. If it hadn't been for that I wouldn't ha' come so far as I have, I s'pose. And I laid out to go all the way with him, but I'm too slow and wanderin' and uncertain. He's give me up. It aint no use any more."

"Yes, it is use," said Dolly. "That's just your 'magination. God couldn't give anybody up so, because—why, because it wouldn't be like him. And he never does what isn't like him—I guess this is how it is: My mamma says she always has to make 'lowances for us children's tempers on rainy days and when it's awfully hot. And so I guess God thinks he has to make 'lowances for boys that get hindered so much. Don't you see?"

"Maybe so."

"No, not maybe; of course so. He knows all about boys. And then after you've invited him to be friends with you, and he's 'specting it, you oughtn't to change your mind; it isn't fair. You see there're lots of reasons for trying on."

"Is there any more than them you've said?"

"Yes," answered Dolly, slowly, "there's another one I know about. I can think it, but I don't know whether I can say it. I mean, s'pose you were to give up now, and then s'pose another boy that knew you was to say, 'He tried and tried to be good and he couldn't, and so I guess it isn't worth while for any of us other boys to begin.' Do you see? You can't make the 'speriment just for yourself. And the more you've been trying, the more you ought to feel 'bliged to keep on."

There was a long silence after this, while the boy lay still on the grass with his head in his a[illegible]

Dolly sat and watched him. At last he rose to his feet.

"I must go," he said; "but, little girl, you've done the Lord's best work this afternoon. You've put courage in a soul what needed it sore enough; and souls are awful precious things, no matter what common kind o' folks they belong to. I feel heartened up now to go on again, and after this, when the devil gets the better of me, I think the Lord will help me to remember what you've said and the truth of it all."

He went his way. Dolly watched him until he was out of sight, and then said to herself:—

"He wasn't in a hospital, but he wanted comforting, and I think it's just as nice."

SALLY CAMPBELL.

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

LEFT a widow when the "Father of his Country" was only eleven years old, Mary Washington, his mother, cared for her boys in her own strong and efficient way in the plain home near Fredericksburg. From an interesting article on this remarkable woman, contributed to the *New England Magazine* by one who was a frequent visitor at the Washingtons' home, we quote the following:—

"I was often there with George,—his playmate, schoolmate, and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. She awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. I have often been present with her sons, proper tall fellows, too, and we were all as mute as mice; and even now, when time has whitened my locks and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that remarkable woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner so characteristic in the Father of his Country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

THE CONCEITED FIRE-FLY.

ONE moonless night a young fire-fly who had just learned to use his wings said to himself:—

"How bright the world has become since I began to fly about. All that light is mine. If there were a few more like me there would be no need of the moon. When I grow larger and stronger I alone will make the earth almost as bright as day. How I pity those stars away off yonder in the sky. They are twinkling and twinkling, but what good do they do? Who gets any good of their light? Instead of remaining so far away, I come right down to the world and show my light where it will do the most good. I would far rather be a fire-fly than a star, that no one notices or even thinks of."

When the sun arose the fire-fly had become too proud to notice it. But the great light-giver saw the little creature flying about and trying to light up the dark corners and shady nooks, and called out, good-humoredly:—

"What, you up yet, little one? Very well for you! But go to bed now, for I will light up the earth while you sleep."

"No, sir," replied the fire-fly, "I am not going to bed. I am needed as much as you are. I must go where you cannot. We will light up the world together."

"All right," said the sun. "Go on and give all the light you can. But what has become of your light? It has gone out. Really, I think you had better go to bed and rest until night, for my light is hiding yours."

The fire-fly was compelled to admit that the brilliant light of the sun had entirely hidden his own. Disappointed and ashamed, he crawled under a leaf and hid there. Soon after a man came along, and, standing on the leaf, almost crushed the little creature.

"Unthankful man," groaned he, crawling out, "is that the way you repay me for lighting up your world [illegible]e dark night?"

"Who are you, anyway?" asked the man, stooping down to see who spoke.

"Who? Why, I am the fire-fly who made the world so light last night."

"You made the world light last night! Why, I declare, I did not know that it was any lighter than usual on moonless nights. I saw hundreds and thousands of little things like you, but did not think that you made the darkness any less. I doubt if you lit up the world at all more than a yard away from you. You saw the light because it was your own and near you, but others did not notice it, I am sure," answered the man, as he walked on.

"Can it be that my light is of so little account to others?" said the fire-fly to himself. "Is it true that it appeared greater to me than to others? Has no one but myself noticed it? Yes, it is true that I am but a little thing. I do not amount to much. It is well that I found it out so soon, or I might have become very vain. Yet I was meant for something, and that something is to give light to the little place about me. That I will do, and not think that I am lighting up the whole world when that is done."

SYDNEY CLARE.

A CHINESE LADY.

How unlike she is to an American lady! She has dark eyes and raven locks, which are drawn tightly back from her face and used to cover a queer framework looking like butterflies' wings, or some other fantastic shape. Her forehead appears very broad, as just before her wedding day all the short hairs over her brow were drawn out to give it this wide, open appearance.

Several of her finger nails are very long, for that is a sign she is a lady and has little work to do with her hands. To keep these nails from breaking she wears over them little shields of gold or silver. But look at her feet! Could any one ever imagine that they were the feet of a grown-up woman? They have been bound and compressed with strong cotton bandages from her childhood, and now she can wear tiny slippers only three inches long, made of bright colored satin, very beautifully embroidered. As we look at her feet we wonder how she can walk at all without coming to grief.

Her dress also looks strange. She wears a loose tunic of some bright-flowered silk. Her sleeves are more than a yard round and adorned with strips of embroidery. She can boast of a large stock of jewelry and she wears many pins in her hair. Her ears are quite weighed down by her large, heavy ear-rings, and she has several rings upon her fingers and massive bracelets on her arms.

When relatives and friends are invited to dine at her house, the Chinese lady never sits down to a meal with them. She remains always in her own apartment; but sometimes, when there is a merry company in the guest hall, you may hear a rustling and a sound of hushed laughter, and so be made aware of the fact that the lady of the house and her attendants are having a sly peep at what is going on; for it is easy to make small holes in the paper screens, or to peer from behind a curtain.

The Chinese lady is quite unable to read or write, and very wearily the days pass with her. It is quite a relief when every few days she has a call from one of the ancient dames who make their living by flower selling, fortune telling, or vending numerous small wares. They are always very welcome, since with their lively gossip and news of the families they visit, they bring a fresh breeze from the outer world.

"PAPA," said Harry, "who was George Washington?" "George Washington was the father of his country, my boy." "Well, who's this Uncle Sam they talk about? Was he Washington's brother?"

Despise not little sins; the gallant ship may sink,
Though only drop by drop the watery tide it drink.
—*Froude.*

The Sabbath-School Visitor.
J. R. MILLER, Editor.

The Helping-Hand Column.

HOW DO YOU USE YOUR TIME?

It is safe to take it for granted that many of our young folks have most of their day-time mapped out for them by older and wiser heads than their own. But to every one of you comes the time, somewhere in the twenty-four hours, when you draw a long breath and say, "Now, my time is my own, I can do as I please." And what do you please to do? One who is deeply interested in young people, in addressing an audience of young men in London, spoke these earnest words about the use of those precious "spare moments":—

"I wish you would let me say a plain word to some of you about the use of your leisure hours, for many is the young man who, do him justice, is thoroughly assiduous in his office or place of business, but as soon as he shuts his books, locks his desk, puts on his hat and turns his steps towards his home or his lodgings, he abandons himself to idleness; and then comes the devil's chance. Almost all the moral havoc that is wrought amongst young men is effected after the office-door is closed. Few men go wrong when they are busy at work. The worst thing you can do of an evening is to do nothing. You may almost predict what a man's future will be if you know how he spends his hours of leisure. All honor to those who take up some course of reading, some branch of literature, the study of French or German, or some practical form of philanthropy; but there are numbers who never dream of such a thing, and who, when a few years have gone, will wake up to find out how stupid they have been, and to exclaim, 'Behold, I have played the fool!'"

"Girls, dear girls, who long to be pretty and winning and attractive, who love to know that you have given pleasure, I have a word for you. Have you looked deeply enough into your own hearts to see how easily the honest, wholesome desire to give pleasure can give place to that unwholesome desire to be praised, which you dislike so much that you are hardly willing to admit, even to yourself, that it has any place in your heart. It is perplexing to know just where the one ends and the other begins. No wonder that your pretty brows are knotted as you try to decide how much pleasure you may rightly take in giving pleasure. Somewhere, I know not where, I have found and saved for you a little bit of wisdom which seems to me to have the true ring:—

"Let God set his light upon your brow, if he will, that all who may come into the house 'may see the light,' but do not look into the mirror of human praise to inquire what you appear to be. For every word to which you listen, of human praise, you will feel the thrill of the divine life lessening. Keep to work steadily and trustingly, and lay it daily at the feet of your Lord for his acceptance and blessing. Very little can another know of your sense of responsibility or of your fidelity, but kneeling at the Master's feet you shall say it over and over again: 'He knows! He knows the darkness I went into, and the feebleness of my arm to hold a light.'"

STRENGTH ENOUGH.

The morning mists that lie
About the day that comes so softly in,
Hide all the secrets from the searching eye,
And none may tell what want, or pain, or sin
Shall break, new risen, from the enfolding shroud,
Nor what is in the clouds.

Before the busy feet,
In the hot noontide 'neath the blazing sun,
Shall, with their rapid step-sounds, fill the street,
Before the willing hands their work have done,
There may have burst some great and new surprise
Before our shrinking eyes.

It may be ours to stand,
Forsaken, single-handed, in a fight
With a determined and hostile band,
For the dear cause we honor as the right,
And either be o'ercome or win a crown
Before the sun goes down.

We may be called to take
Some noble work, that needs the wise and strong,
And do it faithfully for Jesus' sake,
Though no great talents may to us belong;
It may be ours to seem to stand alone
Before the Master's throne.

Or may we have to-day
To lay all work aside, and in the gloom
That suddenly creeps up around our way
Take the short journey that shall end in the tomb,
And see the earth-home fade before our face
In some strange [illegible]?

But howsoe'er it be,
We dare go forth to meet the dim unseen,
Tranquil and patient; God is near, and he
Will be our helper as he yet has been;
And let the day for us be fair or rough,
We shall have strength enough.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, *in Pacific.*

ELEVATED, BUT DULL.

MRS. WASHINGTON was a domestic, home-loving body, but a lady of great dignity and sweetness of disposition, who moved serenely by the side of her husband, receiving his guests in the same spirit. She never talked about politics, but was evenly courteous to every one. She was like her husband, too, in her exactness and her attention to little details of economy. While she was in the midst of her duties as President's wife, she wrote to one of her family: "I live a very dull life here, and know nothing that passes in the town. I never go to any public place; indeed, I think I am more like a state prisoner than anything else. There are certain bounds set for me which I must not depart from; and as I cannot do as I like, I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal." But her real heart was at Mount Vernon and in her household affairs. "I send to dear Maria," she writes, "a piece of *chene* to make her a frock, and a piece of muslin which I hope is long enough for an apron for you. In exchange for it, I beg you will give me a worked muslin apron you have, like my gown that I made just before I left home, of worked muslin, as I wish to make a petticoat to my gown of the two aprons."

—*St. Nicholas.*

GREAT GRANDMAMA AND I.

GRANDMA remembers Washington,
Great Grandma Russell,
I mean, you know;
She stood in the doorway to see him pass,
As he rode through the town so long ago;
Grandma has often described him to me,—
Velvet breeches that came to his knee,
His pointed hat, his powdered hair,
His ruffles, his puffs, and his stately air;
Grandmama, prim little Puritan lass,
Waited in awe to see him pass,
In her homespun frock, her close-cut curls,
And her pinafore, blue, like a country girl's;
And she dared to think, little straight-laced nun,
What a dandy of dandies was Washington.

Grandma cannot remember now
Little trifles nor great events;
She thinks that Christmas was yesterday;
She says we have had six presidents;
She cannot always remember our names,
But calls me "Lizzie," and Harry, "James;"
She asks at dusk, "Is it morning yet?
Have we had our breakfast? I forget."
For Grandma has very little sight,
And cannot distinguish day from night.

Too feeble for work, and too old for play,
She dozes and nods the whole long day.
Born, seventeen hundred ninety-one;
But she *does* remember *Washington.*

But I think, after all, if I live to see
Grandchildren's children around my knee,
I shall tell them, more fondly than Grandma can,
Of one, not a stately, but kindly man.
They shall read to me of the chestnut chair,
The village blacksmith, the clock on the stair.
And, oh! how glad I shall be to say,
I have stood in that smithy many a day.
I remember the house by the riverside,
The dear old home where he lived and died;
I saw and heard the old clock on the stair,
And I owned a part of the chestnut chair;
Then the children will say, very soft and low,
"Grandma remembers Longfellow."

—*Companion.*

PETER'S DENIAL.

WHEN the soldiers came with swords and torches to the Garden of Gethsemane to take Jesus, Peter was very much frightened. Perhaps he was afraid they would kill him. At any rate, he told the people around him that he was not a disciple of Christ, and that he did not even know him. He told them this three times. And only a little while before he had said to Jesus that he would be willing to die for him. But Jesus had told him that instead of being willing to die for him, before morning he would have denied him three times. A cock crowing made Peter remember what Jesus had said, and then Jesus looked at him very sorrowfully.

The picture is from *Ruthie's Story*, published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. Price 85 cts.

GOD has a plan for our life, for each individual life. There is something that he made us for; he has a thought in his mind for us, something he wants us to be and to do. Now we can never be what God wants us to be except by doing his will day by day. Disobedience or insubmission at any point will mar the perfectness of his plan for us. We know that whatever he wills for us is for us the highest possible good. God's will for us is always blessing. It will lead us at every step in the nearest way home. It will fashion in us each day a little more fully the image of Christ.

—*J. R. Miller.*

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